11:07

by

Mark Moore

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mmrem24@yahoo.com

### BLACK SCREEN

SUPER : THE DATING YEARS.

FADE IN:

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIM, 22, is propped up on a twin size bed. He wears nothing but a silk sheet around his waist.

The door swings open and in struts WENDY, 21, a body to die for, dressed in virgin white sexy lingerie.

JIM Wow. Freaking wow.

### WENDY

You like?

Jim grins like a cheshire cat. Wendy picks up a box of matches and lights the single candle on the window sill. She turns off the main lights.

JIM Now I can't see you.

WENDY

Shhhh.

JIM We're finally gonna do it.

WENDY Shhh. Do it? Make love, you mean.

JIM Yeah, make love.

Wendy smiles at his awkwardness to cover up. She glances at the alarm clock on the nightstand.

WENDY Eleven o seven. It's got a nice ring to it.

She seductively climbs on top of Jim and places his hands behind his head... she rubs her body close against his, teasing him. As he looks to the heavens, his grin says it all.

> JIM May twenty fourth, I'll never forget.

SUPER: THE THIRTIES.

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim lies on king size bed reading "Rolling Stone". He's dressed in a t-shirt with ghostbusters pajama bottoms, not exactly blending in with the glamourous covers he's on top of.

The door bursts open and in strides Wendy, she wears flannel pajamas, hair in a mess.

WENDY Do you know what day it is?

Jimmy refuses to turn over.

JIM

Should I?

WENDY May twenty fourth.

JIM

Ohhh.

It grabs Jim's attention.

JIM (CONT'D) Wow. You're not exactly dressed for the occasion... or undressed.

WENDY And I see the effort you put in. (glancing at his ghostbusters pants) Who ya gonna call?

JIM Don't tempt me.

WENDY Let's get this over with.

Wendy lights a candle on the window sill, then flips the switch.

WENDY (CONT'D) Eleven o seven.

Jim and Wendy strip off to their undies.

WENDY (CONT'D) Do you have the thing ready?

JIM A thing? Is that what we call it these days? Jim turns over again and grabs a condom out from his nightstand. WENDY Come on, just put it on. JIM I'm not ready yet. WENDY Oh just play with it, I'm tired. Wendy lets out a huge yawn, as Jim slips on the condom. JIM Does my condom rolling skills bore you? Wendy laughs heartily. WENDY Come here, big guy. She grabs Jim and puts him in missionary position. WENDY (CONT'D) Do your magic. Jim gets excited and passionate. Wendy tries but fails. WENDY (CONT'D) It's not working for me. Suddenly, footsteps approach the door... Wendy shoves Jim off her and covers them with blankets. A LITTLE GIRL, SUSAN, 5, stands at the entranceway. SUSAN Mommy, I couldn't sleep. Wendy and Jim clutch the blanket tightly, to conceal their nakedness. WENDY What's the matter sweetie? LITTLE GIRL

I had a nightmare.

JIM You too, huh. Wendy punches him.

JIM (CONT'D) Ouch. Well at least I got some action.

WENDY Ok sweetie, why don't you go back to bed.

Wendy gives Jim the "Get your ass up" look.

JIM A day to remember.

Jim pulls on his pajama bottoms, gets out of bed and takes his little girl by the hand.

JIM (CONT'D) You'll be ok.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: THE FORTIES.

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A wedding photo hangs from a wall, as a gymnastic trophy rests proudly on the nightstand.

Jim sits up in bed, the years have not been kind... bald, poor eyesight and the ever elusive beer belly, to which he rubs frequently.

The bedroom door creaks open as Wendy pops her head in.

WENDY You know what day it is?

JIM Of course, it's that time of the year I get laid, it coincides with halley's comet.

WENDY Do you remember when we were dating and I wore that sexy lingerie?

JIM

Do I ever.

Wendy feels around for the light switch before she enters... as usual she turns the lights off.

JIM (CONT'D) You usually light the candle first. Wendy stumbles around in the dark, banging into the bed, as she makes her way to the moonlit window.

She lights the candle, then checks the clock.

#### WENDY

Eleven o seven.

Jim eyes Wendy up and down, she made a valiant attempt to spice up the night, with a white satin dress.

The years also have not been kind to Wendy, but after four kids, she doesn't care and neither does Jim.

JIM

Wow.

He beams, like his lotto numbers come up... and then some.

JIM (CONT'D) You're as stunning as the moment I met you.

WENDY Do you have ---

JIM --- have? I just finished.

WENDY (laughing) You're an idiot.

She climbs on top, as the passion grows... she stops.

WENDY (CONT'D) Ouch. Charley horse, oh shit, cramp.

She rolls off Jim and onto her back.

WENDY (CONT'D) I think you should be on top.

JIM It's all good to me.

## DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: THE FIFTIES

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Wendy lie in bed, staring up at the ceiling and holding hands.

JIM

Yep.

Wendy checks out the clock.

WENDY Eleven o seven, Jim.

JIM

Yep.

She lets go of his hand and gets up to turn off the light, makes her way to the candle and lights it.

WENDY Why don't you give me a massage? I haven't had one in a long time.

Wendy climbs onto the bed face down.

JIM Are you serious?

# WENDY C'mon big guy... it's our night.

Jim grunts and positions himself behind her. She wiggles her ass back and forth.

WENDY (CONT'D) Does my ass look big?

JIM Yep. Sure does.

WENDY Do you remember when it was smaller?

JIM Yep. Sure do.

WENDY You know, you suck.

JIM I remember that too.

Jim begins to massage her, as his fingers start at her neck and works his way down past the small of her back.

> WENDY Ohh Jim, that's nice.

He caresses her shoulders and neck, while slowly his hand moves down, stops at her lower back.

Jim proceeds to place his hand on her left inner arm, works down her side, passes gently over her buttock and down her leg to her calf.

WENDY (CONT'D) Wow. Have you been watching videos?

JIM Maybe. I have been alone a lot.

Jim moves up her thigh, stops just at the uppermost portion of her leg. He continues in the same manner on her right side, then suddenly stops, rolls over onto his back and becomes silent.

> WENDY That was amazing, why did you stop?

> > JIM

I found the remote.

Jim turns the TV on.

WENDY (laughing) You bastard.

Jim just smiles, satisfied.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: THE SIXTIES

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the wall, their daughter's wedding photo has now replaced their own.

Wide awake, Jim and Wendy face opposite directions, but continue to hold hands.

WENDY

Do you ---

JIM --- May twenty fourth and it's eleven o seven... it's got a nice ring to it.

Jim lets go of her hand, gets up, lights the candle and turns off the light.

WENDY Hey, that's my job.

JIM Thought I would change it up this time.

Jim clambers back into bed, as Wendy rolls over. They stare into each other's eyes, their faces glow with passion and love... Jim moves in closer and slowly kisses her on the forehead.

JIM (CONT'D)

I love you.

WENDY

I love you too.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: SEVENTIES

INT. JIM AND WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy switches off the light and slowly makes her way to the window sill and lights the only candle. She crawls back into bed. She lies back and looks up at the ceiling.

Slowly, she stretches out her hand to Jim's side and waits for his in return.

A little time goes by, she rolls over to Jim's side... it's empty. She grips his pillow tight and slightly lifts her head to read the alarm clock.

Wendy drops her head back down on Jim's pillow.

WENDY May twenty fourth, eleven o seven... it had a nice ring to it.

FADE OUT: